

"The Morals of Pink and Blue Hair"

Lady Duff-Gordon Discusses Her New Colored Wigs for Women, Explaining That Hair Has Become Simply an Ornament

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.



This Dinner Gown of Blue Charmeuse With Sapphire Bordered Girdle Was Improved Greatly, Says Lady Duff-Gordon, When the Owner Sprinkled Her Hair Thickly with Blue Powder. A Blue Wig Was Afterward Used with the Same Gown with Still Better Effect.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

QUITE recently I interested Paris by showing some of my prettiest models with charming shades of pink, blue, purple and green hair. Since then my idea has been taken up by many fashionable ladies, while at least one couturiere has paid me the compliment that lies in imitation and has even, I understand, gone to the length of claiming parentage of the mode. Not that I mind that in the least; I do like to see my inspirations bear fruit.

But only last night a dear old English lady asked me whether I thought "it was moral to wear one's hair pink or blue."

"It was at a very delightful ball at which quite three hundred ladies wore wigs of blue and mauve. I myself wore a blue wig. I asked in return, 'Is it moral to wear clothes?'"

"Oh, my dear," she said, "clothes are what morality rests upon."

"Then I said: 'If it is moral to wear clothes, it is equally moral to wear one's hair any color one wishes; but if it is not moral to wear clothes, then it is very immoral to tint our tresses or wear colored wigs.'"

There are two reasons, I think, for the prejudice against coloring the hair. One is an echo of the ancient superstition that the owner of a body can be made to suffer by any one who gets hold of an unattached part of that body. And the other is the eagerness with which those we may call the extremely delicate take up anything of the sort. The answer

to the second objection is the same that science gives its questioners. Science is not concerned with who uses, or to what uses are put, its discoveries. So the discoveries of fashion—even to that of coloring the hair, or wearing a dyed wig.

As for the first—there are still races which carefully hide away nail parings and hair combs because they fear that some one, getting hold of them, will use them as a spell against the original owner. Even in civilized England, France, America, you still find this belief. It is part of the idea that what we may call detachable parts of the body carry with them identity. And in the thought that the hair, because we came to earth with it, must be kept the same as it grew and grows, we have a reflection of the same superstition.

As it stands to-day there isn't even the excuse that the hair is necessary to us to justify the feeling that it is "immoral" to do anything we like with it. Our hair now is simply and frankly an ornament.

If one, for instance, decided that she wanted to have her head shaved, would it be thought immoral if she did so? Decidedly not. Absurd, perhaps, but not immoral. Why then should it be thought immoral to put on more hair, or to change the color of that already on?

There are always a vast number of folk who feel more or less acutely that all beauty is of the evil one, that one can't be gay without being wicked and that the only proper vocation of mankind is to mourn. These folk have even tintured the minds of the normal with a shade of their apprehension. Consequently cutting off the hair raises no question of morality because it makes one ugly, and anything ugly can't possibly be of Satan. But because changing the color of one's hair can be done for no other reason than to make one more attractive, it must necessarily be looked upon with suspicion.

And how utterly unintelligent is that viewpoint!

I think it is immoral not to make oneself as beautiful as one can. Things as they are aren't so sacred we mustn't try to better them. If mankind had thought that, it never would have progressed. Man's fight has been against Nature throughout. Nature makes the desert and man fights her and, with his irrigation, turns the desert into a garden. If you think tinting one's hair pink or blue is very far off from reclaiming a desert you're wrong.

My discovery came about this way. I made a dress. It was for a very beautiful dark Parisienne. The girl tried it on and was delighted. I was not. It was more beautiful of her than on—and that should not be. What was the trouble? Its colors were harmonious, vibrant, living, but on her there came a slowing of the vibrant quality, a dulling. Suddenly I knew what it was. It was her hair. Her hair was a peculiarly deep black, more brooding than alive—you will understand me. I touched it with a blue powder and gave it here and there the flash you get in the wing of the bluebird. And lo! At once the dress grew more alive, more vibrant than it had been when she had not worn it. It was just that now that it needed, it tuned it up, accelerated it, gave it the proper pitch—completed both dress and woman.

And then I tried other dresses and other hair colors with my models.

I showed them to Paris and Paris was enthusiastic. Not because it was something new, but because it was something true. There are dresses which, to bring out their full beauty, demand that the hair be a soft pink, others a deep blue, even a delicate shade of green. And when this is done the woman and dress become one masterpiece.

That is why the hair is colored. Of course, all dresses do not need it, nor would it be good taste for a woman to go anywhere and everywhere so tinted. Discretion is necessary in this as well as in all of fashion. One would not, for instance, walk down Fifth Avenue in a negligee, even though there is nothing improper in itself in any negligee.

Our great-grandmothers used to powder their hair and no one thought that immoral. And they wore wigs too.

But one should satisfy oneself as thoroughly that the powder used is harmless as one does with the ungents one uses on the skin. A wig is far better and they are being made now in the most delightful shades.

And certainly there's no reason for the colors and kinds of the artificial skins we do wear. If there's any immorality in colored hair what abandoned sinners we are with our silks and satins and embroideries.

If we're to stick through thick and thin to the natural color of our hair why shouldn't we stick to the natural color of skin—and hide no more than necessary? So far as comfort and necessity go we could do easily with one-tenth the clothes we wear—few as they are now. There isn't the faintest reason in Nature for wear-



Even the Bathing Costumes Being Made for Southern Wear Are Chosen with a View to Whether Wigs of That Shade Are Becoming to the Wearer. Two "Lucile" Models of Palm Beach. (And Above) Another of the Brilliantly Colored Dresses of Spring.



One of the New Flounced and Extravagantly Decorated Dresses of Spring Which "Lucile" Thinks "No More Moral Than Colored Wigs."

ing skirts to the ankles, nor waists to the neck. There isn't any reason for either shoes or stockings a good part of the year. The hair is only an ornament. It is as much a part of dress as the hat, or the lace of a gown. There is nothing either moral or immoral about it or what we do with it. It's just hair, that's all.

The Soul of the House

"DON'T care what else there is in the house if only it has a big open fireplace," said Perdita to her young husband, when he returned from that most discouraging of hunts, the hunt for a simple cottage on the North Shore.

"Well," said Perdita's husband, "I think I have found one that will fill the bill. It's a little shack tucked away in the woods, and it has only four rooms, but one of these is an enormous living room with a fireplace at one end big enough to hold all the logs that have ever blazed in your favorite English novels."

"We'll take it," declared Perdita. "Then when the frosty evenings come we'll do as Keats advises, 'sit us by the bright and ever lit the fancy room.'"

"I believe," said Perdita's husband, "that the next time the poem is to the effect that 'treasure never is at home.'"

"Well, there will be nothing but pleasure in that," declared Perdita. "It was said that an open fire is the soul of the house."

"I don't know," replied her husband. "However, I shall as soon as you look it up."

VERY SNUG.

It was not long before they were snugly established in their woodland home, and of course the anticipated frosty evening arrived in due time. It was an exciting moment for Perdita when the match was applied to the heap of sticks and twigs which Perdita's husband had gathered. The two cottagers drew up their chairs and prepared for peaceful meditation of the approved kind.

"How it smokes!" said Perdita, presently.

"That's because the fireplace hasn't been used for such a long time," her husband answered reassuringly. "But I am choking to death, wretched Perdita, and your eyes are full of smoke tears. Do stop poking the fire and give it a chance to burn."

"Burn!" exclaimed Perdita's husband. "It does not extend to me. Nobody needs anything more poetic than a steam radiator."

tell me that where there's smoke there must be some fire."

"Good evening," said the voice of some one hidden in the smoke. "Having some trouble with your fireplace? We thought at first that the house was on fire, but we might have known it was just the open fire of logs, for we have had trouble of our own on that score."

"Your trees are too high," put in then another kind, neighborly voice which came out of the smoke. "Just chop down a few of the highest trees and the wind in your chimney will be all right."

"Nonsense!" declared the first voice. "All that you need is a hood over the front of the fireplace. That will keep the smoke from pouring out into the room."

"It certainly puts enough now," gasped Perdita. "I think I'll open the windows."

"Oh, don't do that," advised the friendly neighbor. "There's a down draft now and that will make it worse."

"There's a certain kind of damper that you can buy," another choked voice was heard to say. "That works like a charm with these smoking chimneys. I'll find out the name and let you know."

AFTER A WHILE.

Just then Perdita's husband rose from his knees before the grate, bearing in his arms an object which closely resembled a charred human body. Though it was only a smoldering log.

"What are you going to do?" gasped Perdita, as her husband rushed past her to the door which he deposited his burden on the lawn and returned in time to answer his wife's question. "I have just disposed of the soul of the house," he replied.

The kindly neighbors had dispersed he said with some asperity. "I hope you have had enough of all this literary rubbish about 'smoke' and 'soul.' I am sure henceforth that I don't want to experience anything more poetic than a steam radiator."

Deceivers Ever.

"What an awful time you take to get ready, Mildred! I wonder your husband doesn't object to waiting."

Mildred turned from the mirror with the williness of a fox. "Ancestress in her eye."

"Now, look here, my dear girl," she said, "you're going to be married, so I'll tell you a secret. My husband's never quarrelled with me for being late."

"You surprise me, for look at the time you take! Jack would be horribly annoyed."

"He like this. When he tells me to hurry I say 'All right, dear. Get your hat and stick, and I'll be with you.'"

"Well?"

"You see, I previously hide them both and when I go down and find them for him it is he that has to apologize for keeping me waiting."

In the Barber's Chair.

"No sooner was I seated in the chair," began Jones, "than the barber commented on the weather, and directed a current of discourse into my ears."

"Je ne comprend pas," said I with an inward chuckle, thinking his verbosity would be checked.

In very good French he started in afresh. I looked at him as if he were wildered and then interrupted him by asking:

My Secrets of Beauty--By Mme. Lina Cavalieri

How to Remould Your Face

DO you know that you can remould your face?

If you study it in silhouette and see that your cheek muscles have slipped away from or are tugging at their moorings, in a word have become flabby. If there is no from the end of the jaw the fine, clean sweep toward the middle point that gives more than a hint of the bony foundation of your charming chin. If your nose is growing wider where the nostrils meet the cheeks. If your lips are hardening into a straight, inflexible line. If your ears stand out a little too prominently from your head. If any or all of these undesirable conditions exist, don't accept them as hopeless. Don't practise resignation, which is, after all, a weak and negative virtue usually practised when there is no need of it and neglected when it is required.

It is quite possible to remould the face so that its contour will be much

finer and better. Not easy, I admit, but possible. Hope, faith and persistence will perform the apparent miracle.

But you must first study your profile with the aid of a cheval glass, or if you are not so fortunate as to possess one, then with a hand mirror. Scrutinize it as coldly as you would that of a person whom you are prepared to dislike.

What this cold scrutiny is most apt to reveal is a looseness or bagginess of the facial muscles, denoted by a heaviness and looseness of the muscles about the chin.

"Look out for jowls!" adjured a beauty specialist whose speech was less elegant than his parlor and as extreme as his prices. "Your face is getting baggy around the chin," your husband or friends who exercise the right of free speech will say to you.

"You are growing old and fat," your mirror flits to you.

It is time to set to work on that contour to improve it—high time. Don't be discouraged.

The masseur or masseuse who understands his or her art, making of

it a fine art, works with, never against, the muscles. They are the guides of the hands as a pilot guides his ship. Such experts can literally lift the face by training the fallen cheek muscles upward. You cannot do this well yourself.

But you can employ two substitutes. You can imprison those muscles at night and prevent their slipping any further by tying them up with a piece of soft rubber, by an elastic band or by a fold of muslin two or three inches wide. Pin them or tie them not too tightly at the crown of the head, tightly enough to keep the band in place, but not so tightly as to impede circulation, so causing headache and injury to the scalp and so to the hair. Comfort will be the criterion.

Does your hand mirror reveal that your nose is broadening? That is almost inevitable when you have passed twenty-five. The nose must be coaxed away from this tendency. The tendency must be counteracted by gentle pinches toward the tip of the nose every night and at moments when you can give it a surreptitious pinch during the day.

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Cute Tommy.

Mrs. Jordan had "ideas" on the way children should be reared. Her young husband, Tommy, caused her a little anxiety in this respect. Now and again, therefore, a serious "polite" lecture was administered.

"Now, Tommy, dear," she started "supposing you accidentally stepped upon a gentleman's foot, what would you say?"

"I would say, 'Beg your pardon.'"

"That's my own little son!" smiled the pleased mother. "And if the gentleman gave you a penny for your politeness what would you do?"

The innocent look passed from Tommy's eyes as he quickly answered:

"Why, I would stand on the other foot and say 'Beg pardon' again, of course!"

His Excellence.

"I tell you," said one man to another as they emerged from the dimly lighted corridor of a concert hall, "I envy that fellow who was singing."

"Envy him?" echoed the other. "Well, if I were going to envy a singer I'd select somebody with a better voice. His was about the poorest I ever heard."

"It's not his voice I envy, man," was the reply. "It's his tremendous courage."